

Trash Royalty

by Deaths Lie

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Summary: Kuroo and Bokuto are being utterly annoying together and annoying everyone, especially Tsukki. (Bokuto/Kuroo pairing)

Trash Royalty

"Did you see? I've almost mastered my latest wa-zam spike," Bokuto said. His proud voice booming through the near empty dining hall.

Kuroo and him were one of the first people to make it to food today after the after practice practice. When the 1st years first got to the training camp a few days ago they thought the captains got to eat first, but they soon realized meal time means war. Only the strongest, and hungriest make it through the line in a time suitable for their deprived bodies.

All days at training camp were exhausting, and today was no exception. Many of the players wouldn't even practice after the required training. The only team that every player on the team could be seen practicing into the last hours of meals would be Karasuno. Now that their troublesome first-year was forced into practice by Kuroo and him.

Bokuto was only happy he at least wasn't on that team with how many penalties they had to do. His energy was still high enough that he could play around even after dinner. Instead of falling asleep in the food like some of the team was doing. He kept seeing their small libero start nodding off into his curry only to be tapped awake by their ace.

Kuroo gulped down a few bites of food, and drained his water cup before answering. "Yeah. I'll make sure it can't ever get past me. Tomorrow I'll sure all you're spikes won't connect with the ground," He said. His voice slightly teasing Bokuto because this was the spike

designed to specifically get past him.

Their bodies were a little closer than everyone else in the dining hall. A lot of the teams had already eaten by the time they got there, which made the room all the more empty for them. There was enough elbow space for them to easily get food into their stomach at astonishing speeds, but their ankles remained hooked together.

Bokuto laughed at Kuroo's idea of blocking him. "Right and what will happen if I get all of them through, hmm? I deserve a little treat for perfecting this so quickly," He said.

The room seemed to fall into silence around them despite it bursting with noise. Bokuto stopped eating and locked Kuroo's dark eyes to his own. They remained silent for a moment, faces inches apart. Kuroo debating if he should just stick his tongue out to lick the rice from Bokuto's cheek. Instead he leaned his head in to whisper into Bokuto's ear. Making his hair stand on end, electric sensations going down his back as Kuroo's spoke.

"Whatever position you want me to start in," He purred warmly and seductively before backing his head away. "I do mean in volleyball, of course," He said slyly, giving a smile that only a moron could take as genuine.

Bokuto nodded liking what he heard. "Right. Volleyball. Sure. Whatever, sounds fun. I'm in. And I'm guessing if I get blocked majority of the time it's vice versa?" Bokuto said slowly, stirring his food as he spoke. Kuroo winked at him, making him all the more excited.

Hinata's voice began coming into earshot as he walked closer with Kenma. "You should just come practice with me tomorrow. What's so exciting about your games anyways? Don't you want to improve your setting skills, and let me hit some of your tosses?" They heard him say.

Showering was less important than eating to Kuroo and Bokuto, making them the first to arrive. Only a couple of people had beaten them to food from the after practice practicers. All of which being the third years of Karasuno.

"It's not that exciting," Kenma mumbled evading Hinata's request.

He set his plate on the table at the seat next to Kuroo. In the blink of an eye the plate was off the table and Kenma was beginning to walk away. The action quick enough Hinata hadn't even sat down yet.

"Let's sit somewhere else for right now," He said calmly, explaining his seemingly inexplicable action.

Hinata stood up instinctively to the command despite almost being seated himself. The food he'd been dying for finally in reach. Kuroo and Bokuto didn't seem to be sick or anything. Normally they were a lot of fun.

"Why?" He asked, tilting his head slightly as his eyes bore into Kenma for answers.

There was a pause before Nekoma's setter answered quietly, almost through his teeth to avoid Kuroo or Bokuto hearing him. "They're just going to be... Noisy tonight. I'd prefer to sit someplace else," He said.

Kenma could see that their faces were smiling, but their eyes are warning them to back off. They were sitting closer to each other than they'd usually be at dinner. He instantly concluded they were up to no good, and would probably be obnoxious to anyone who came near them tonight. It seemed Kuroo was in heat at the moment and his bird of prey was going to respond.

"Oh ho ho! Trying to run away Kenma?" Bokuto cooed leaning over Kuroo just to get his face closer into Kenma's bubble, while at the same time guarding his catch. "We just wanted to teach something very important to our dear Hinata. It could really help with his dream of becoming ace. But if you guys want to go off to someplace quieter I guess it can't be helped. He'll just never know what we were going to say," he said. His his taunting tone only exaggerated by him talking with his hands.

Hinata stopped in his tracks trying to decide if he should take Kenma's advice to sit somewhere else, or if he should sit down and chat with Bokuto and Kuroo. It couldn't be that bad if he just sat down for a little bit. He thought turning around to face them again.

"Oh ho! Bokuto I think I know which lesson this is. It's the one about the setter right?" Kuroo whispered loudly to Bokuto.

"Yep! You know an ace is only as good as their setter, and if their setter and the ace do this then they'll be that much more," Bokuto replied like it was the most important thing to being a good volleyball player. Like it was the only way to ever win and become the best player in all of the world.

"What is it?" Hinata said breaking to their alluring teasing. It was too frustrating and he just had to know how what it was.

"Wait does that mean Akaashi and you practice that too?" Kuroo asked completely ignoring Hinata. His fun, light hearted voice turning to something a little angrier, and almost jealous sounding. "I thought you guys would never do that."

"We didn't do that, but we did do this. This is just so important we just couldn't avoid it you know. Only happened once I swear!" Bokuto said. His taunting composure slipping on the last sentence as he clarified the act with only Kuroo before continuing to taunt Hinata. "But just once and you're set," he finished. Leaving Hinata to begin panicking from being ignored so long. Bokuto could see the little puppy ears and tail now as Hinata squirmed for answers.

Kuroo finally gave Hinata some attention, wrapping his arm around his shoulders and patting his head. "Okay Hinata I'll tell you now. So the trick is-" Kuroo stopped talking when he saw Kageyama appear behind Hinata glaring at Kuroo. He released his hold grinning broadly. "Oh I see. My bad, seems you guys already learned itâ€¦ Play safe now," Kuroo said to Hinata just as he noticed his own setter's presence.

"Wah Kageyama?" Hinata asked confused when his arm was grabbed. "Wait, wait, wait! I don't know they're saying. There's something we have to learn to do!" Hinata complained as he got dragged away to a different table.

"You don't want to know," Kageyama said before they were out of earshot from Bokuto and Kuroo.

Kuroo and Bokuto burst out giggling. "Wow, who'd have thought! Well then who else do you think we can get to sit with us? Our teammates have already all ran away from us. What about Lev?" Bokuto said continuing his supper like before.

Kuroo contemplated a moment. "Hmm maybe, but his reactions aren't very fun. He always just agrees with things rather than getting really excited and denying us. Not any fun. Maaaybe-" Kuroo looked around the room until his eyes landed on Tsukishima who was just now heading to dinner with his freckled friend.

"Hey Glasses-kun!" Kuroo called out to him. "Why don't you come sit with us tonight? We could talk about blocking, and how amazing I am at guarding Bokuto."

"Oh nice choice. But watch it or you'll jokes will bite you in the butt. Quit literally I'm not against the idea," Bokuto whispered to Kuroo.

Tsukishima glanced at them, pushed his glasses up his nose and scowled. "No. I don't associate with homo trash after 10," he answered.

Tsukishima wasn't really sure what Bokuto had whispered to Kuroo. But the way he held himself when he did so reminded him of a certain stupidly flirtatious couple that people should stay away from if they know what's good for them.

"You're one to talk," Kuroo said to Tsukishima as he eyed Yamaguchi.

"Tsukki you should just sit down and talk to them. You really need to improve on your blocking if you don't want Hinata to beat you," Yamaguchi told Tsukishima, not really understanding what the situation really was. "I'm going to go sit with Hinata, so come over when you're done," he said. He said this as if Tsukishima had already agreed. He left, leaving Tsukishima as prey without even knowing it.

Tsukishima watched Yamaguchi leave until he was seated at a table not too far away, but still not at his side. Reluctantly he set his food on the table across from Kuroo and Bokuto. He knew that Yamaguchi wouldn't stand for him coming back unless he talked to his seniors for at least a little bit.

"So, what exactly did you guys want to talk about?" Tsukishima said with a sigh. He began poking around his food, slowly eating it compared to his associates across the table with their plates wiped clean.

Kuroo and Bokuto stared at him a moment before tilting their heads

and asking, "Huh," in unison.

"We don't really have anything in mind. We could tell you some stuff about volleyball, but we're all balled out here," Bokuto answered. Kuroo lightly chortled at his horrid pun, but Bokuto gave a few full out laughs before letting it go to Tsukishima's displeased, very bluntly annoyed face.

"We could talk about crushes. Looks like you need some help. At this point I think Bokuto and I might be the experts in your type of love. You aren't going to get any help from shorty or anyone else on your team," Kuroo said, teasing Tsukishima lightly.

"I don't know what you're talking about. Please keep to our country's language not the planet you came from," Tsukishima retorted, though truthfully he could hear his heart beat a little quicker. It terrified him to think of talking about girls with anyone, especially with these two. They'd tease him and be total idiots.

Bokuto snickered at Tsukishima's answer. "Now, now you two. Kuroo's looks may be out of this world, but he is still human. Why don't you just let us help you? Having a well balanced sex life is just as important as an athlete's diet you know. Trouble in the heart can lead to trouble on the court. Which will soon lead to a life filled with troubles," Bokuto said with all seriousness.

"He's right. Very right. When I was your age all I cared about was volleyball, and I didn't pay any attention to my dicks needs. Soon I started to stumble, and not get anything right," Kuroo said, scratching his chin and looking off into the distance for effect. Not even slightly snickering at any of the dumb words coming out of his mouth at the moment. "Oh and thank you Bokuto. My looks may be out of this world, but yours sure are soaring. "

Tsukishima groaned. "You guys are ridiculous, and I don't want to talk to either of you about this. If I ask the person I like out is my choice, and I already know they'll say no. In the meantime I'll continue rejecting everyone else's advances at me," Tsukishima said before this conversation got much more out of control and his cheeks got any redder.

"Oh ho ho, so you do like someone?" Kuroo said, happy he had guessed right. He wondered if the person he was thinking Tsukishima liked was correct as well. He really hoped so. He liked seeing cute new couples, or victims as he really saw it.

"Want to tell us who it is. We could play 20 questions. It would be bad if he was in this room right now," Bokuto whispered in a reasonably quiet, yet understandable voice. A voice that had some serious threat sound in it despite it being the happiest go lucky whisper the Earth may ever hear.

Tsukishima's face showed his shock when Bokuto said he. It took him a moment to calm down and convert back to a coy expression. But now his heart was pounding in his ears, and his breathing was becoming labored. He was sure that they weren't going to be mean about anything, but were rather looking at this like a casual conversation about wanting your best friend to also date you.

"Knock it off," Yaku said coldly to Kuroo and Bokuto. "Even if you

guys don't mean any harm he's getting annoyed with you. I already made an agreement with Suga and Akaashi to keep you morons in check. So you better be nice to the first-years," He scolded.

Both Bokuto and Kuroo sighed, head lowering in shame. "Yes mom," They both said jokingly to the libero.

Yaku raised his hand to smack them both in one swoop. Before his hand was even raised they were already cringing for the impact. Instead of hitting them as hard as they expected, he hit them very lightly, then proceeded to pat their heads.

"If you run off to bed now I won't hit you harder and have to tell your dad what you two were up to," He chimed back at them with a downright frightening smile on his face. Kuroo and Bokuto gulped when they heard the threat. Satisfied with their answer he waved good-bye and sat at the "team parent" table with Suga and Daichi.

"We're sorry Tsukki we really don't mind what you do, though it is best if you take care of your feelings and not bottle them up. Make sure you also let all the girls down you don't like nicely, and if any guys hit on you act the same," Kuroo said, returning to his team leading voice instead of his pester tone, yet speaking slightly quicker.

"Yeah. Treat confessions like how you wish the person you like to let you down, even though you know it will hurt them either way. Also don't pretend to be a vulgar guy like we just did, but in a way you have to admit we're right. Just wasn't phrased right," Bokuto finished, calming down and assessing his own captain voice.

Tsukishima got up, not knowing how he should really respond to them. He felt confused, and sad. Thinking about how no matter how much he wanted his love to be returned it wouldn't be. Also still confused by their personality, and advice change within a moment's notice.

"Whatever," He said under his breath. Leaving the mischievous third-years on their own to go sit with Yamaguchi.

"Well isn't he nice," Bokuto said sarcastically. He picked up his dishes and got up. "Let's go for a, uh, walk."

They left the room without being noticed by anyone else. It was almost time for everyone to go to bed. The hallways were empty as they walked slowly down them. Their hands knitted together, and Kuroo's thumb running down Bokuto's own every so often.

"It's almost time for us to get back to our normal training schedule," Bokuto said sadly.

Though he never really said it, training camps were one of his favorite parts of volleyball. That's where Kuroo and him had first met. It was when he'd found his drive to play. And it was where he fell in love. This would be their last training camp together, but it felt like it had come too soon.

"Yeah," Kuroo said quietly. He knew what Bokuto was thinking about, but he didn't want to be the one to bring it up either. "I can always

visit you on our off day."

Bokuto chortled. "Yeah, like you don't already do that. Sometimes you hang out with other friends, but I definitely get most the action," he said turning to look at Kuroo with a big joking smile on his face.

"Of course you get to see me more on the weekend," Kuroo said, feigning outrage. "How could I ever leave someone so cute by themselves alone?" He asked rhetorically. His free hand coming up to brush Bokuto's cheek.

Somewhere in the midst of their conversation they had stopped walking. Bokuto stared at him a moment, enjoying the warm hand on his face. A small smile crossed his face before he looked back into Kuroo's eyes. Without thinking or saying a word they leaned their heads in closer. Kuroo started with a hesitant peck. A wicked grin crossed Bokuto's face, and he responded with a long open mouthed kiss. He grabbed Kuroo's waist, and pulled it towards his own. He leaned in for another long kiss. Gently biting and tugging at Kuroo's lower lip. He slipped in his tongue into Kuroo's mouth, and he eagerly accepted it.

Kuroo could barely keep up. All he was able to do was blush and moan. Suddenly they were walking again. Kuroo felt his back slam against a wall with a satisfying thud. Bokuto moved from long kisses to short pecks. And began working his way down to Kuroo's soft pale neck. He started to nibble at it, his kisses becoming more and more violent. This brought Kuroo into a trance like state of pure pleasure. The only thing he could do was grip tightly to Bokuto's back. Bokuto moved up from the neck, and swiftly made his way to the ear. Gently tugging on the lobe with his soft lips. Giving it long, sloppy kisses and whispering unspeakable things into it.

Both of them had dreamed of doing this for so long; all day, every moment they were in each other's presence they wanted this. They were savoring every second of it. Completely lost in passion their moans filled the empty hallway.

"If you guys are so noisy one of the underclassmen will hear you."

They broke off the kiss. Bokuto jumping back a foot as Kuroo tried to recompose himself. When they both realized it was just Akaashi they gave sigh in relief. They hadn't explained themselves to the younger players yet, or the coaches, but Akaashi was one of the people who knew of their relationship.

"Even if you guys are pretty open it would be bad if one of the coaches found you guys making out like that here. Barely anyone uses this hall, but if you're that noisy you can't blame them for wondering who it is," Akaashi said, sighing as he rubbed his temple.

"Yeah, sorry," Bokuto tried. "We just, well, you know." He gestured at Kuroo who was still out of character blushing. "He's so cute."

Akaashi shook his head exasperated. "I get where you're coming from. Sort of. But you guys could wait until weekend or if you really need

to, a room with a door no one would even walk near."

"Aw that's no fun. We just got caught up in the moment. It's almost the last day of training camp. If we were actively trying to do something we wouldn't do it in the hallway or the school," Kuroo said. He gave a snarky smirk, reaching his hand into Bokuto's to regain contact.

Akaashi saw the gesture and realized what the meaning behind Kuroo's words were. It was almost the last day of training camp. They really were just caught up in the moment and let their emotions get the best of them.

He cleared his voice uncomfortably before he began to speak. "Well if this is really about time you can just sleep on my bed tonight Kuroo. I don't see the harm in it. But you guys better sleep! And I don't want to hear any complaints from the other people in there!" Akaashi said.

Bokuto's mouth dropped while Kuroo's eyes grew big. All night they had been annoying the other players and here Akaashi was giving them more time together. They had even just been getting under his skin! In part both of them wanted to cause some trouble in the Fukuridani dorm, but in the end they'd rather spend time together.

"Okay!" They both happily answered, turning and skipping away quickly before Akaashi could change his mind.

"They're so not going to sleep tonight," Akaashi said to himself. Facepalming when he realized the doom he'd just brought on to his team. "Shit," He groaned. Tonight was going to be a long night for everyone.

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><p>Author's Note: I feel so happy this is finally done. I really have to thank my best friend for helping me finish up editing and getting me through my writers block with certain things. He didn't have to help, and isn't even part of the fandom, but he even wrote that make-out scene. I felt I took so long with filling this kink meme I sort of owed it to them to at least have really nice grammar.

Thank you for reading!

End
file.